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FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.-Bay Archer won the Goodwood Stakes, and Mr. Lorillard's Geraldine the Lavant Stakes at the Goodwood meeting. - Mr. Gladstone has pub . lished a political article intended as a campaign document. = The Porte has conceded Tewak Pacha the full prerogatives as Knedive. = ___ M. de Lesseps has addressed a large meeting at Nantes in regard to the Panama Cana).

Domestic.-Only two deaths from yellow fever were reported in the South yesterday. - It is first struck the public ear; gave it an organstated that the Greenbackers in Maine propagate their political faith by social clubs, dancing, and festivities. = There was a large gathering at Ocean Grove, N. J., yesterday; the President was expected, but did not come. Cashier Pilisbury, of Lawrence, Mass., has been arrested for embezzling \$34,000 of the money of the bank, lost in mining speculations. - There were many drowning accidents yesterday. There are an unusual number of deaths from a disease resembling cholera, in Linn County, Iowa.

will be served by the Mayor on Police Commissioner Wheeler. = The contest of Mrs. O'Hara's will was opened in Brooklyn. There was a death from yellow fever in the Presbyterian Hospital on Tuesday. — A diver was suffocated in the Bay. — Jacob Schanermann shot himself in Central Park yesterday. Gold value of the legal-tendersilver dollar (41212 grains), 86.46 cents. Stocks active, but less buoyant, closing dull and

THE WEATHER.-TRIBUNE local observations indicate slightly warmer and fair and partly cloudy weather. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 86°; lowest, 75°; average, 7919°.

Persons leaving town for the season, and Summer trevellers, can have THE DAILY TRIBUNE mailed to them, postpaid, for \$1 per month, the actoress being changed as often as desired.

Dr. Deems makes an appeal in behalf of the charitable society known as the "Sisters | den. But if he should not be nominated, it " of the Stranger," which is connected with his church, and finds now itself entirely without funds. This society does a peculiar work, and one which should not be allowed to fail stand self-accused and self-condemned, before for want of support.

Mr. Benjamin Hill precipitates upon a belpless Washington reporter the extraordinary statement that the mission of the Republican party has always been "to destroy the Government," the mission of the Democratic party "to save it." Then during 1861-'65 things must have become a little mixed, Mr.

Elsewhere a forcible showing is made of the respective records of the Democratic and Republican parties in the management of the canals of the State. The period of sixteen years which extended from 1862 to 1877 was equally divided between the two parties, and some instructive figures are presented, showing the comparative cost of their administrations.

Miss Oliver, the Nantucket girl who is trying to build up a church in Brooklyn, seems to be fighting ill-fortune and opposition with real New-England pluck. Her response to the stripping from the church building of all its furniture by a mortgagee is the formation of "a scrubbing-brash committee," which is to make the church at least an illustration of the proverb about cleanliness and godliness.

One new feature in the O'Hara will case, which becomes apparent for the first time in the statements of the executors, should be specially noted in justice to those gentlemen. It is stated by Judge McCue, one of the beneficiaries and executors, that not one dollar of the sum bequeathed to Mrs. O'Hara's religious, medical and legal advisers goes to them personally; it is all to be expended upon charitable objects.

The death of a woman in the Presbyterian Hospital from yellow fever can hardly fail to make a disagreeable impression upon the publie. It has been insisted, from the time of the first outbreak in Memphis, that there would never be any difficulty in detecting cases of the fever which should develop themselves here, nor any difficulty in removing such cases immediately to Quarantine. Yet this woman was sent to a hospital nearly a week ago, was kept there in the neighborhood of other patients, and dies there-the case having been from the first one of yellow fever. This is very far from showing a proper degree of vigilance on the part of the physicians con-

There is nothing new under the sun-in defalcations. The story of the ruin of the bank cashier in Lawrence, Mass., which is told elsewhere, is such an exact repetition of many former histories of the kind that it is a wonder he did not pause sometimes to ask bimself whether he could hope to escape the disaster and disgrace which were almost inevitable. Philisbury belonged to the piomatic remonstrances at the Court of St. say, on behalf of a community that has seen as well as the ignoble one. M. Zola is cer- England, muslin to Manchester, cheese to Holland,

no profligate habits, and apparently no pected, Lord Beaconsfield and the English extravagances; was a member of the Masonic aristocracy, by their officious patronage of Bofraternity and the Episcopal Church. His napartism, were "poking fun at them," the one weakness was a mania for speculation, grim pleasantry of this holiday gayety and he gambled away, in the stock market, his position, his reputation, his honor, his indignity offered to their cause, they family and his friends. These are losses which a lifetime of repentance and work will bardly repair, and any man who is tempted to play such stakes in the game of life may well ponder the lesson of Pillsbury's career.

New-Yorkers do not seem to realize that we have in this city what may be called a permanent pestilence. In the tenement-house districts, and in other densely populated portions of the city, searlet fever has fairly settled itself, and there is a weekly average of cases and deaths, which, were the disease less familiar, would cause great hlarm. As one of the officials in the Board of Health suggested the other day, the number of cases of yellow fever last year did not exceed the number of cases of searlet fever; and yet, while the first pestilence attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, the latter does not even arouse the people who are suffering from it to the adoption of any adequate precautions against its increase. Persons living where there are cases of scarlet fever are not even required to fumigate their elothing before passing out into the streets, and as a consequence, contagion is deliberately and openly carried among the population. Although there seems to be a diminished tendency to the spread of the disease in Summer, the number of cases in this city during the week ending July 19 was 69; during the week ending July 26, 49; thus far this week, 22. Elsewhere official directions are given for the regulation both of the patient in such cases and the persons having charge of the patient. Careful observance of these rules may do much to check the growth of the disease.

MR. TILDEN'S MORTGAGE.

The persons who are passionately imploring Mr. Tilden to take himself out of their way appear to be not much acquainted with him. There is a haggard anxiety about their importunity, however, which would hardly appear if they were not conscious that Mr. Tilden holds a cutthroat mortgage on his party, and that he means to en orce it. This being the case, their prayers for relief are addressed to ears of stone. "Do something for "the Democratic party," they pray. But Mr. Tilden will want to know what the Demoeratic party has ever done for him. He gave to it many years of decidedly effective work, as his Republican opponents in this State can testify; lifted it out of the slough of despond when his cry of "Reform" ization of unrivalled powers for management and trickery in this and the neighboring States; and obtained more votes, as candidate for President, than the party could have cast for anybody eise. Even after defeat he was not content, but proceeded to send trained emissaries to all the doubtful States to supervise the count, and allowed his private house to be turned into a telegraph station for cipher dispatches. After all this, the question CITY AND SUBURBAN,-It is removed that charges is not, in Mr. Tilden's opinion, what should he do for the party, but what should the party do for him?

His mortgage, as he well knows, would not be worth much if it were a matter of sentiment. Generosity, graticude and honor have their uses, but are not satisfactory ties for a Democratic party. Mr. Tilden seized the situation as soon as he was defeated. Immediately he cried Fraud, and set his agents to raise the same cry. He foresaw that the Democrats would unanimously imitate his example; that they would posture before the ing and beating itself. So it comes to pass. Democracy would like to get rid of Mr. Tilwould be the formal and final judgment of his party that he was never defrauded of an election, and in that case the party would all the world, for four long years of most constant and most unconsciouable lying. If Mr. Tilden is not its choice, and the choice of the country, the party has only defiled itself by repeating falsehoods and slanders. If Mr. Tilden is to be laid aside, the whole "Fraud" must be abandoned; and it must be confessed that President Hayes was rightfully elected, that the most infamous lies have been continually told by Democrats about him, and Secretary Sherman, and Minister Noyes, and other Republicans without number; and that, in short, the vilest fraud in the history of the country is the Democratic party itself.

The party is not ready for any such confession. Mr. Tilden has calculated shrewdly. Ingenious evasions by the score will be invented by malcontent and fractious Democrats, but all will be of no avail. The party will say, and the people will say, that if Mr. Tilden was rightfully elected in 1876, he and he only is entitled to the support of the party in 1880. But if he is not now entitled to that support, the party is unfit to be trusted, and deserves only a sound thrashing for its malignant slanders. The fact is that the mortgage was drawn by a shrewd lawyer. It will probably hold, infinitely to the disgust of Democrats.

THE BASTILLE ANNIVERSARY. When Gambetta hit upon the anniversary of official salon at the Palais Bourbon, we ventured to suggest that a Republican housewarming on that historic night of the Revolution was intended as an offset to the funeral pomp at Chiselhurst, and to the tears and sentimentality of English society over the death of a Bonaparte. Our well-informed Paris cor- succeeded every time in doing it, and as often respondent, who is generally accepted by the as she did, offered herself for public admirapolitics, confirms this impression. As soon as Gambetta was convinced that in spite of the diplomatic explanations of the Foreign Office to us that ever since she had the first taste of the governing classes in England were mourn- the excitement of being pursued by Butler and rather than the unfortunate refugee who of that sort of thing. It has looked very was killed while wearing the British uniform, he determined to render the mock-heroics of the Bonapartists a foil to the triumphs of the Republic. Taking counsel with his associates, he contrived to make a showy pageant of the military review at Longchamps on the day after the Chiselburst lamentations, and with the aid of two lady bankers, of whom our correspondent is the first to bear record, to arrange a magnificent fête for the Bastille auniversary, which for the first time since the days of Robespierre and Danton became a Parhamentary holiday. In this way neither time was wasted nor dignity sacrificed in di-

steadygoing class of defaulters; be had James. If, as the Republican leaders suswas well-timed. Instead of resenting the kept their tempers and laughed in their sleeves. While English sentimentality found free vent, and London society was scattering its rosemary and rue and rhetoric upon the Prince's coffin, Paris was content to toss in air the historic bonnet-rouge of the Revolution.

The astute Duc de Broglie lamented not Fortune with any of the good luck which helps to make statesmen and heroes. Since the war with Germany the Liberals have had nothing but good luck, for the Republic has steadily been strengthened through the follies and blunders of its enemies. The fatuity and fussiness of the Duc de Chambord, the sharp practice of the Orleanists, the bombast and turbulence of the Bonapartists, the obstinacy of that self-appointed champion of moral and social order, the Marshal, have all helped the Republican cause. English sentimentality at tms time contributes to the same result. Whether the regret for the Bonapartist Pretender be genuine, or merely an affectation of aristocratic sorrow, it is a curious study in the anatomy of national melancholy; but the feeling is resented by the best elements of French society. Under the pressure of foreign prejudice against the new insurutions, national sentiment in favor of them will be solidified.

It became manifest after the 16th of May that a Republic which had been built up by the villain still pursues her. It won't do. If its friends could be undermined only by its friends. It is reassuring to learn that Gambetta's purpose in reviving the memories of the Bastille anniversary was to bring Bonapartism and its English sympathizers into disrepute, rather than to conciliate Parisian democracy. But what is meant by the phrase, more easily this-defeat him. "drawing France into the progressive current "and then joyously going with the stream"? If the drift of that "progressive current" is indicated by the Ferry Education acts, it is in the direction of State absolutism. This is in the abstract an Imperialist doctrine, and Ollivier's declaration, "The Republic is an Em-"pire without an Emperor," is something more than a brilliant epigram. The French school of literature, it may be worth while to are such a giddy nation when once their heads are turned! Their Republic must be not only progressive but safe, and it can only be safe when it is regulated by moral standards.

"THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER." Of course General Benjamin F. Butler is a bad man in politics. The Tribune does not need to repeat what it has said so often in reprobation of his methods and his measures, and in condemnation of his policy. It is saved the trouble of denouncing his principles by their absence. Without being misled by what are called his good points, we have never failed to recognize the fact that he possesses qualities of character in common with all demagogues which give him a strong hold upon the affections of his friends and make him popular with a certain class of working politicians and voters. There is no doubt that he is very faithful and devoted to those whom he calls his friends, and that his friendship is of the unquestioning and unyielding kind that is not disturbed by considerations of public duty or affected by questions of casustry or conscientions doubts. When he says, "This man's "my friend," he has covered the whole ground of his personal relation with him and pledged him his personal service, and nothing changes that relation except what is purely personal to both. So it is truly said of him country for four years as a party which had that he "sticks to his friends," and so the would be impossible for the party, at the end of four years of such clamor, to friends kindles in them a feeling of renominate any other man without stultify- ciprocal loyalty upon which he can count on all ordinary occasions and nastiness. That is to say, if you will only inoften in extraordinary emergencies. To this troduce an unwashed, unclothed and propeculiar strength among his immediate faue stableman among the guests at your friends and those who may be called his personal adherents, may be added that which comes from the impression which is made by his energy and audacity, his brilliancy at times, and the abundance and readiness of his resources. These things go a great way, not only with the masses, but with intelligent and educated voters, who enjoy the variety and zest which his singular performances give to the dulness of ordinary politics. So Geneissue, with all that it involves and implies, ral Butler always has, and is always pretty sure to have, his little party. It has been for many years just large enough to keep the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts in a constant state of nervous trepidation, without being quite large enough to give him the position of Governor, which seems to be the goal of his present ambition.

Readers of THE TRIBUNE are familiar with the history of the several raids which this bold, bad man has made upon that prim and precise Commonwealth, and can easily recall the shrill falsetto shricks with which, as she lifted up her petticoats and ran, she called the startled world's attention to the mortal peril she was in from the villain who pursued her. There has always been a vague and shadowy suspicion in the public mind that Massachusetts on the whole rather enjoyed the sensation of being at once the object of a villain's pursuit and of the public gaze and sympathy. Her politics had always been so decorous and dull, and it was so rare that anything ever happened to break the monotony of them, that when she first began to be aware that the sinister eye of the bold, bad man was winking at her, the destruction of the Bastille for his first there was really a sensation of pleasurable novelty in the new experience, though she squealed with terror at the discovery. It was painful, of course, to witness the peril she was in, but the feeling was very much mitigated by the amusement she afforded in her frantic efforts to drive him off. Of course she American press as a safe authority in French | tion as a paragon of virtue, while she counted the votes and fanned herself. We may be wrong about it, but it has always seemed ing the son of Napoleon III. and possibly of occupying public attention in that capacity, the suitor of Princess Beatrice, she has had a kind of moroid desire for more much as though Butler was kept on hand for that purpose; to be talked about and wondered over and dreaded all through the year. and finally firsted with just enough on the eye of the State campaign to lure him into another pursuit. And it isn't to be wondered at. for really it must be very tiresome to go on holding conventions and elections year after year without having any manifestation of interest outside, and very little in the State. General Butler has been a godsend

consequence and notoriety.

many repetitions of the Butler business, that this thing has gone far enough. The present attempt to excite public interest will fail. So long as General Butler was trying to debauch the Republican party of the State, and through that organization the State itself, the struggle was interesting. There was something funny, to be sure, in the way in which the Respectability of the Commonwealth held up its hands and said "Shoo!" and fled from Butler's embraces; but it was obviously sincere. And it was so often repeated that General Butler himself saw that the pursuit was in vain, and last year went over to woo the Democracy. 'Twas a violent wooing to long ago that he had never been favored by be sure, and the very funniest of all things style and melodramatic incident deal only was when the Massachusetts Democracy began to put on virtuous airs and pretend to be shocked at his advances, as if that improper and disreputable old party could be scandalized by anything! The upshot of it was, however, that he captured the Democracy, and by that act relieved the Republicans of his pursuit and his presence. It would be proper, we suppose, to congratulate Massachusetts Republicans upon the fact, but they actually seem almost sorry he's gone; he made their politics so lively. And even now that he has departed, and can only look to the Democratic party for support, leaving the Republi- far-off time when that of Zola will have cans to make their nominations unmolested, they are trying to get up a little scare over the possibility of his being nominated by Democrats and supported by enough Republicans to make him a dangerous candidate. He has announced himself again as a candidate, and the outside world is told by Massachusetts, with a maidenly flutter, that General Butler wants the Democratic nomination for Governor, we know of no reason why he shouldn't have it. He is of that party and fairly represents it. When he is nominated the Massachusetts Republicans will simply have to do what they did last year, and can do much

THE SEWER IN LITERATURE.

M. Emile Zola, the author of a "popu-'lar" novel which has been turned into a "popular" play, has lately been promulgating his political and literary convictions with considerable frankness. As M. Zola is at the head of the much-talked-of "naturalistic" recapitulate some of these convictions. In the first place, M. Zola somewhat distrusts the Republic, which foolishly keeps up a great noise about politics-a thing the Empire never did-and which has not accepted "the litera-"ture of facts;" in short, has not instantly canonized M. Zola and his disciples And here he defines what he considers his and their position in literature. They are the "sci-"entific thinkers." "I know," he says, "you "must have principles, just as you have a po-"lice, to quiet the nerves of old women. Only "you may as well remember that your prin-"ciples are at the most good for a solemn "joke, 'entre la poire et le fromage.' And "with all your principles you must leave us "free-we, the scientific thinkers of literature "-free to dissect, to analyze, to spread the "results of our analysis by describing man " without his draperies. We want no encour-"agement in the shape of decorations or pen-"sions or academies or prizes. Spread these "as you please, and plume yourselves on the "idea that you are either making or marring "literature by these 'détails de cuisme administrative.' We laugh at your ribbons "and crosses, and the hothouses of your fos-

tering; only leave us free." M. Zola is accordingly free; -and it may easily come to be suspected that this elaborate scorn of decorations and academies arises from a little soreness that his freedom from these gauds and vanities should be so been defrauded of the Presidency; and that it strong personal following which he has always complete. He is free, and he uses his freedom by fishing in sewers and exhibiting the fruits that pleasant employment. According to Zola and bis imitators, "naturalism" means dinner-table you will be sweetly natural M. Zola does an exactly analogous thing. Using real genius in his work, he expects that his books-which certainly are not troubled with "principles"-shall receive the applause of thoughtful and educated people: he exults in the success of a play which has not one redeeming feature of human decency, and which only serves to inflame the wors passions of those who witness it. In his very exultation he reveals his vanity and the degradation of his talent. In a long letter quoted by The London Era, he rejoices that the scene which the adapters of the play after the first representations cut out as least successful, was "the virtuous scene," the single ray of light in that gulf of blackness. 'is not this characteristic?" he asks with apparent pride. "Here are the authors" (adapters) " who think themselves bound to make "eertain concessions, to introduce high-flown " speeches, to give as it were an equilibrium "to the drama, while the audience, more ad-" vanced in the path of naturalism, will have

none of them." Then he proceeds to talk of the moral leson of the drama and of its value as "a de-"terrent picture." What lesson can possibly lie in a play which finds its success in excluding every glimpse of spiritual cleanliness? Does it show that audiences have drawn from it any healthy moral when they declare that what they want is unmixed horror and vileness? M. Zola convicts himself. "The public," he says complacently, "is "more ripe for naturalism than even I had "thought it to be," Then, indeed, may mankind begin to despair of a country that loves such dirt, and breeds a man who wallows in it for his country-people's amusement and instruction. This man paints a whole village in which there is not one spark of any moral feeling whatever-in truth, its tone is below that of a colony of dumb brutes. Is this nature? Is France indeed so lost that only a second deluge can make her clean? Who will believe it? None who realize with what quiet strength it has established and conducted an honest Republic upon the ruins of the luxprious and enervating Second Empire. Of all the remains of that Empire, M. Zola is assuredly the most deplorable; and the more talent he shows the more must men condemn and lament the use he makes of it. If "sci-"entific thinking" and "the literature of "facts" mean simply writing of M. Zola's sort, then must it be deeply mourned that France has no law for the suppression of " scientific thinking."

The man who paints such filth, who gives the minutest details of the most disgusting and unnatural habits of the lowest living beings, may be proud of doing it cleverly ;-but let him not assume that he is serving society or presenting any moral lesson whatever. to them in this regard in bringing them into Poor "human nature" is made the scapegoat of many an evil. It is a false litera-But we may perhaps now be permitted to ture that does not paint its noble side

tainly not "naturalistic" when he contents himself with but one phase of gutter life. Even to sewers come sometimes sprinkles of Heaven-sent rain. M. Daudet gives in "The "Nabob ' sufficiently painful pictures of men and women under the Napoleonic régime ; but with them he shows a terrible moral, and he draws also a family life, pure, healthful and true-as naturalistic, indeed, in its way, as M. Zola's catalogues of evils. The influence of "L'Assommoir" and its tribe is wholly bad; they can serve no good purpose; for as men are brutalized by association with brutality, so are they demoralized by books and plays which in picturesque with the lowest emotions mankind can feel. The pleasantest theatrical event we were called upon to chronicle during the past season was the complete failure of "L'Assom-

moir" in this city. M. Zola laughs at what he calls "the gilded pasteboard of the romanticist's ideals "-a flippant and shallow phrase enough. It serves, however, to bring to mind a certain notable figure in French fiction-Jean Valjean, the workman, outweighs the workman Coupeau. The name of Victor Hugo, with all his many faults of authorship written against it, will be one of the few great names in literature in a passed, long forgotten, for he has written it in-Dirt.

KEMPER COUNTY AGAIN.

Kemper County, Mississippi, has been heard from again. It has been very quiet of late. The Chis-Im massacre was followed by a period of peace and political solidity closely approximating to the ideal of Southern statesmanship. The county voted for the Democratic ticket at all elections with a beautiful unanimity, and the shotguns and revolvers of the oldest and best citizens grew rusty from disuse. The noble art of shooting Republicaus seemed likely to be lost for want of targets to practise upon. Matters are getting lively again, bowever. A man, who is evidently tired of this life, has announced himself a Republican candidate for County Clerk, and a friend of his, named Stewart, had the temerity to make a speech at De Kalb in favor of his election. What followed is thus narrated in The Meridian Mercury, a paper of violent bulldozing propensities, published an adjoining county: "Stewart marshalled a large crowd of negroes and made a very strong Radical speech to them, during which he made some very tasulting personal alluions to prominent Democrats of that county. He made some very insulting remarks about young Mr. Brittain's father, who knocked him down with a brick and went for him with a knife. They had a lively tu-sle before any one could separate them, during which Stewart was severely, but not dan-

erously, cut in three places." If the truth were told we venture to say that the insulting allusions to prominent Democrats " con isted in some mild reference to their behavior three ears ago, when they led a mob of a hundred armed men into the village of De Kalb one Sunday morning, broke open the jail into which Judge Chisolm had been thrown on false charges, and where his family had followed him, mortally v unded the Judge and his heroic daughter, killed his young sor before his eyes, shot dead a harmless Scotchman who ventured to protest against the butchery, and murdered in cold blood a Republican friend of Chiso m who was a prisoner in the hands of the ob. It is thought bad taste to Kemper County to criticize the men who took part in the Demo eratic mass-meeting held that Sabbath day in De Kaib. The "tussle" which put a stop to Stewart's speech was in ail probability an attempt on his part to protect himself against a deadly assault by one of the "prominent Democrats" who had a hand in the Chisolm massacre. A favorite pretext for breaking up Republicau meetings in the South is to charge the speakers with insulting the Democratic party or some of its members

A Cincinnati editor, going up through the traploor to find the leak in his roof the other day, dis overed a new unoccupied world waiting for men to civilize, and calls the public to look at it as loudly as if he were De Gama or Vespucius, fresh from turning up unknown seas or continents from the hyperborean regions. This world is the roof of the house. Why, asks the enthusiastic discoverer, should id our roofs sloping, as the Swiss do those of their châlets, that the snow may slide off them? Why, since Americans have the hot days and windless nights of the tropics, do they not use their roofs as all tropical people do, for living rooms and bed chambers? There is a great deal of practical ommon sense in the suggestion. Rents are dear and standing room scarce in New-York, for instance; human beings are swarming and stifling in the close boxes of houses through these torrid nights; yet the most airy, coolest part of the house is given over to leaks and cats. There really is no reason why the roof of the house, if flat, should not be made a resort for Sum mer evenings or pleasant days. With very little cost and trouble it could be made as attractive as it is comfortable. A light parapet, as in Eastern uses, would serve as protection and be ornamental as well; small trees, shrubs and flowers would grow around it as readily as they do in window boxes; an India matting could be spread in a moment over asphalt or tin floor; then hammocks, chairs, a colored canopy if needed-and, presto! the thing is done. Every family has its possible country seat overhead-cool, airy, commanding picturesque views-waiting for them to occupy it. Who will be the first to enter in posses sion of this new Eldorado ! It needs only a pioneer to make the first step, and we all will follow,

A sincere religious life is a wholesome moral spectacle, no doubt, and a grateful recognition of the beneficial influence of piety on one's own heart and conduct can properly be made in public. But it is no less true that the ostentatious profession of re igion by notorious malefactors doomed to the galows for their villanies is offensive and nauseating It is common to read of culprits confessing their guilt and their piety in the same triumphant breath on the scaffold, and a little while age a man hanged in the West for a murder of peculiar atrocity re joiced that he was about to "go to Jesus," and carnestly besought his hearers in the jail-yard to secome good, so that they could meet him in Heaven! Such exhibitions ought to be prevented. A murderer may, indeed, become a Christian, but he ought not to be allowed to be come a moral or religious exhorter. The condition of Chastine Cox's soul is a matter between himself and his Maker, and he should be compelled to keep still about it. So of Mrs. Smith's and Bennett's devotions. There seems to be something in the relation of a condemned murderer to society that makes him a sort of hero in the minds of the morbid and sentimental, and it is difficult to see why he should not be prevented from seeing gabbling visitors, and prohibited from making a harangue on the scaffold or saving anything whatever, except to the Sheriff or Priest. Sympathetic and emotional people suc ceed in surrounding the murderer with a little halo of glory, sending him flowers and food and luxuries, while the innocent poor, perhaps even the children of his victim, are permitted to suffer unrelieved. It is time prison gush and gallows exhortations were abolished altogether.

very dragon of a bug, more vicious than the Colorado beetle, as it has a liquorish tooth, and preve only upon vineyards) to destroy the grapes of Southern France, we are invited to send our vines after it, as they are supposed to be the only ones with vitality enough to withstand its ravages There is something very curious in the way in which America is dripping over her products into Europe, sending in every instance each article to the place which heretofore has been famous for it. There is a gran humor in her sending coals to Newcastle when she finds that Newcastle invariably prefers her coals to her own; beef to old

Oddly enough, after we sent the phylloxera (a

wine to France. The other day a squad of American horses were imported for the French cavalry, and gave great satisfaction No wonder that one surly Englishman swore recently that he wished the country had never been discovered, or that another, astonished into truthfulness by the rare chance of a sunny day, declared that England was importing everything from the Yankees, even the weather." The most astound. ing proposition, though, considering the source, is that of an English woman of rank, who lately urged publicly on English mothers the propriety of giving to their daughters the social freedom and manners of American young gurls, instead of those distinctively English. We hope the English women will not, however, take much of modesty and good breeding from our American girls over there. There are some American products we can't spare.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The idea of asking Tilden to "condone it" him-Cox runs for Governor a good deal as he ran for

Tammany's bluster won't scare Tilden any. He is used to it.

Hendrick B. Wright's calamity hunters have struck the West at the wrong time.

The silly season gossips are having a lovely time of it filling the English Mission all by themselves. With the Great West outvoting it, the Solid South

will begin to realize how stupid its solid policy has

If Butler's party had as large a supply of votes as it has of harmony, his way to the Governor's chair would be a good deal clearer than it is.

Genial Mr. Belmont hasu't "conspired" any since

he was spilled by that truck collision. He habandoned the business as too perilous, evidently Instead of nominating a farmer for State Treasurer, as the Pennsylvania Greenbackers supposed

they were doing, they have nominated a merchant and an oil speculator. The party is always getting fooled in this way. That Democratic Investigating Committee which s trying to find fraud in Cincinnati, has made a heavy haul. It has found a whole batch of bogus

Democratic affidavits which were invented to break down the election taws. This wasn't what the dig-gers went after, but it is what precedent ought to have told them they would find. Secretary Evarts has returned to Washington from New-York in excellent spirits concerning the Republican outlook in this State. He says the best of feeling prevails in the entire party organization, and that for the first time in years personal inter-

ests are subordinating themselves to the good of the party and the State. This is a correct diagnosis of the situation, and it is the best assurance of coming victory. If General Butler captures the Democratic nomination for Governor in Massachusetts this year, he will not do it without a struggle. The organ of the respectable" wing of the party, The Boston Post, says the Democrats are willing to welcome him as a pure and simple reformer, but " as an artful enticer of Democratic votes they regard him as an intruder and an interloper. They warn him not to meddle with the management of their primaries, or hope to vanit into power over the head of the Democratic party." This won't scare the General any, but it will be likely to bother him some.

One of the charges against Ewing is that during his famous mining speculations he acted a double part as lawyer and speculator, which is not commonly recognized as either sound morality or regular practice. As related by The Cincinnati Gazette, the operation was like this: A large company of capitalists, wishing to our some of the mining lands wned by one of Ewing's many "paper" companies, onsulted him as an attorney, and requested him to scertain the price asked and the probable value of the land, and recommend them what to do. They did not know that he was actually a large owner of the sand in question, and he did not tell them. He recommended purchase at the price asked, and they bought. A suit for damages against Ewing is now pending in a Cincinnati court, on the ground that he misrepresented the value of the property, and cealed the fact that there were incumbrances

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Lowell, the wife of the poet and Minster to Spain, is recovering from a dangerous attack of

Mr. John La Farge is now at work upon a nedseval battle scene-a design for the window which to be placed in Harvard Memorial Hall by the class of -60 in memory of their fellow-students who fell in the

Citoyen Jules Valles, the well-known Comnumst refugee in London, in writing recently to Mile. Bernhardt for permission to call upon her, said: "M. Go: is friendly enough to forget that he was hear being shot by those with whom I was vauquished and receives me sometimes in the morning just as if I was not a prescribed Revolutionist."

Most of the distinguished Parisian ladies re said to have some special taste, literary The Duchesse de Chartres paints birds Mile, Blanche de Nemours works in a studio; the Comtesse de Paris officets rare cooks; the cadles of the De Broglie fam ly prepare material for a future history of their time; and M. Caro's lectures at the College of France are attended by the daughters of the great families of the country.

The late Countess Waldezrave was to the last distinguished in appearance and bearing; she was a siender lady with beautiful eyes and an expression of mingled intell gence and sweetness. Her social success was entirely due to her personal qualities and not to her wealth. She had genuine kindliness and generosity and was always ready to help the distressed and to advance talent and merit. Noble, honest and large-hearted in all things, this daughter of Braham, the singer, never issumed pretentious manners, but was proud of her parentage, taking a delight in introducing her father to ser most distinguished guests, and acknowledging her annly as first among the many relatives she became onnected with by marriage.

The Emperor William is described as doing very kindly thing during his stay at Ems. A large arty of school-boys headed by their master arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and rinking the waters they came trooping along the covered colonnade of the Restaurant Gardens. The Emperor, walking quietly along in the opposite direct.on, accosted the foremost boys saying: "What brought you here, my lads?" "We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman. "To see the Emperer! Then have a good look at him!" reloned the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the Emperor!" And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a bookstall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

Mr. Spurgeon, talking lately in the pulpit of the proposed prayers of the Established Church for the c seation of rain, said that it might be that the sins England were such as to cause God to say "No this nigment shall not be withdrawn from you. I will not ear your prayer." But if that land was to continue to be the cradle of liberty, and of the Holy Gospel, then undoubtedly must it pass through its season of adversity. He could not wish ill to his country, but if his fellowconneymen would not remember God except in adversity, then adversity ought to be desired. If crime was still to flourish, if drunkenness was to be as unit versal as at present, if oatss and blasphemies were to be heard on all sides, if their Nation was to go on shed-ling toe blood of foreign countries—invading those lands where she had no right to place her foot—and if food then said, "I will famish them," it was not for the righteons man then to interpose and try to stay His hand.

GENERAL NOTES.

Justice is out of joint in Russia. A schoolgiri in St. Petersburg, not more than difteen years old, naving been the bearer of a letter from one of her teach. ers to another, was suddenly arrested on account of the governesses' having tailen under suspicion. Notwith-standing the exertions of the cuild's relations she was kept a prisoner and her friends were denied access to her. It may be that this little one will be condemned to extle in Siberia, after sharing the dungeous of common

There is no printer's strike in Chicago, but the papers there have serious provocation. One of them was recently made to allude to "the poly of helies" as " the baby of babies," and another referred to the panie-stricken citizens of Memphis as "the prairie-chicken citizens." This is almost as bad as the work of the telegraph in sending Taylor's "Heart of Leal! Can this be dying to over the wires as "Heart of Lead! Can this be lying to othe New-Haven paper which, in publishing a sermon, made the elergyman cry, "Is there no barn in Guilford to

The Bastille fête in the Bois de Boulogne for the benefit of the amnestied Communists was a most picturesque spectacle. At the grand entrance of the Bols there was a blaze of light of all colors, and up ame about 1,000 or 1,500 persons, men and women, with red lanterns, tricolor flags and torches, in serried ranks. The dense mass flijed the waole road, their lanterns and torches gleaming in the darkness of a star-